

University Missourian

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UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

- Oct. 30. Mass meeting, Auditorium, 7 p. m.
International Symphony Club, Auditorium, 8:30 p. m.
Oct. 31. Football—Missouri vs. Ames. Union Literary Society, debate, Room 45, Academic Hall, 7:30 p. m.
Athenaeum Literary Society, debate.
New Era Debating Society, Room 14, Academic Hall.
Nov. 1. Lecture, Dr. C. M. Bishop, Auditorium, 2:30 p. m.
Ladies Parlor, 3 p. m., meeting of Menorah Club.
Nov. 3. Football, Juniors against Freshmen, 4 p. m.
Nov. 4. Football, Seniors against Sophomores, 4 p. m.
Nov. 6. Football, Seniors against Freshmen, 4 p. m.
Nov. 7. Football, Juniors against Sophomores, 4 p. m.
M. S. U. Debating Club, Room 53, Academic Hall.
Athenaeum Literary Society.
Nov. 14. Football—Missouri vs. Washington.
Athenaeum Literary Society.
Nov. 19. Lecture by George Z. T. Sweeney, Auditorium.
Nov. 21. Athenaeum Literary Society.
Dec. 4. Lecture, John T. McCutcheon, Auditorium.
Dec. 18. Lecture, Lorado Taft, Auditorium.

HIGH SCHOOL FRATERNITIES.

Secret societies which call themselves "High School Fraternities," have chapters in many High Schools in different cities of the United States. They are modeled after College Fraternities and have chapters which are granted charters by a central government, and have regular conclaves. In organization they are almost identical with corresponding college orders.

But in the purpose of founding, the nature of the field covered, and in the ends attained they are wholly different. Many of them were founded by older men who hoped through their relations with the fraternities to obtain a hold over its members. Men were induced to join largely through the attractiveness of the name and the college air which it seemed to bring to the high school. Some, however, were formed by the High School students and these were merely the outgrowth of social cliques. They were not the children of any want or need for the social sets existed long before the fraternities entered the field. The name of a fraternity only made it more extremely exclusive, more definitely defined, and more open to attack because it was more definitely defined.

The High School fraternity is subject to all the evils and does none of the good which the college frat accomplishes. The over-enthusiasm, the temptation to sacrifice study in the interest of fraternity, and loyalty to frat above loyalty to school, these dangers confront the younger, more impetuous individuals in the high school. The tendency toward overdoing frat politics in high schools is so pronounced that the majority of high schools forbid frat men to hold offices, or to represent the school in athletic or literary contests.

While the final aim of a fraternity is to produce a higher type of social individual, the first and most obvious aim is to add to the pleasure and profit of his social life. The college fraternity takes a man when he enters a community as a stranger and gives him the standing which has been built up by a long line of predecessors as a heritage to start him in his college career. While in some instances all phases of this heritage may not be desirable, as a rule the college fraternity adds greatly to the social side of a man's life. The high school student in his home town and his friends are already chosen from those whom he finds most congenial. His standing depends wholly upon himself and his family, and the power of the fraternity to add to or detract from it is slight indeed. The national aspect is of slight significance as the majority of high

school students are too immature to be strongly bound by vows to individuals whom they have never seen or even heard of.

TOLD ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE

I suppose the saying holds true that one never misses anything till he begins to fear he can't have it," remarked the art student at the end of an argument with the junior medic about the Y. M. C. A. lecture course.

"Stop button" in, as the timekeeper at the end of Chicago waist buttoning contest said, punned the wag.

"How was that?" the Junior Medic inquired.

"Twelve Chicago men," volunteered the football man, "superintended the their wives, took part in a buttoning contest. Two tied for first place, fastening a twenty-four-button-embroidered shirt-waist in less than two minutes."

"Must have taken lots of backbone," said the wag.

"Wrong you are," the football man shouted. "They used a dressmakers model for the tackling dummy."

"Me for Washington U. next semester," sighed red-headed Soph with the wart on his nose.

"What's the matter? Not enough excitement in Columbia?" asked his neighbor.

"No its not that," replied the "soph" his features relaxing a little. "I can't help envying the forethought of those Washington students who started a 'flunkers' fraternity."

"Don't worry," the freshman granted. "We're likely to have a few here ourselves, if our electric lights keep going out."

"A Connecticut football team went on a strike because their coach said 'damn' during practice," contributed the man who reads the Missourian, hacking away at the steak.

"Who says football hasn't improved?" queried the art student.

"I wonder," began the freshman meditatively. "What Ames' coach said when little Cornell college won?"

"Listen to Monilaw after the game, if we loose Saturday, and you can get some pointers," answered the solicitor for the Oven.

"Don't you ever think so," protested the Junior Medic. "If the Tigers are beaten it'll be because they fell at the last ditch, and heroes don't get cussings—at least not college heroes."

SCHOOLMA'AM'S RAISE.

Year by year and day by day,
She lived in hope of higher pay,
She saw the city prosper and grow,
She saw the schoolhouse overflow
With hosts of children large and small;
And patiently she taught them all.
And as the seasons swiftly flew
She sometimes taught their children, too.
Through weary months of busy days
The schoolma'am hoped
to
get
a
raise!

She did all that a woman could;
Her arguments were sound and good.
She drew petitions up, so fine
That all the people ran to sign.
The Common Council all agreed
That she should have it, yes, indeed.
The Board of Education made
Long, smiling promises of aid,
While out of all the tangled maze
The schoolma'am hoped
to
get
a
raise!

At last it seemed the way was cleared:
At last the needed funds appeared.
But still the Board could not decide
Just how these funds should be applied.
Raise by experience? Or by grade?
So still they wavered and delayed:
They weeded out a girl or two
Who didn't have enough to do;
These surely were the halcyon days
The schoolma'am hoped
to
get
a
raise!

But weary decades came and went,
Until her faithful life was spent;
And now across her lonely grave
The long green grasses gently wave.
Her tombstone, in its ancient place,
Stands up, yet lies upon its face,
For though it says she has gone higher,
I know her soul must still aspire,
And lingering, long for Gabriel's days,
When every schoolma'am
gets
a
raise!

Summer Drownings.

According to the records kept by the Chicago Tribune there had been up to the close of last week 877 drownings throughout the country so far this year. This is a fearful commentary on the carelessness in the main of pleasure seekers on and in the water during the summer months. The terrible list might be reduced considerably in future years if parents would see to it that their children learn to swim. And it would be a good plan for the parents, themselves, to cultivate the art of swimming.—Topeka State Journal.

SOCIETY

Miss Catherine Goode of St. Louis, daughter of the widely known jurist, is in Columbia with her mother. They are visiting Mrs. Walter McNab Miller. Miss Goode came to Columbia to attend the dance to be given this evening by the Zeta Phi chapter of the Beta Theta Pi in Entertainment Hall.

C. C. Corwin, of Maryville, visited his daughter, Miss Mae Corwin, at Read Hall, yesterday. He entertained Misses Schneider, Pierce and Hart and his daughter at dinner downtown. Mr. Corwin departs tonight, accompanied by his daughter, who will visit at home until after the election.

The Fortnightly Club met at Read Hall Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. After a business meeting, in which Mrs. T. J. Riley resigned the secretaryship of the society, and Mrs. F. F. Stephenson elected in her place, Dr. H. B. Alstedt talked on the German drama. A social hour followed, and refreshments were served.

'VARSITY NOTES

Oswaldo Rubio, a former student in mechanical engineering in the University of Missouri, is attending Kansas University this year.

Kenneth W. Tapp, Freshman lawyer, departed today for Denver, Colo., where he will spend a few days visiting relatives who reside there.

Dr. C. C. Eckhardt, who is on a year's leave of absence for his health, writes from Saranac Lake in Adirondacks, N. Y., that he is feeling better than ever before in his life. He expects to leave for New Mexico in about three weeks to spend the winter.

BATS AS PETS

A BAT in a woman's bedroom can cause more excitement than can one lone burglar or even a dozen mice. As the strange creature of the night comes dipping and flapping against the walls and ceilings such shrieks are elicited from the terrified female as to rouse the whole family and bring them to the rescue with brooms and canes.

All of which is sheer foolishness, for if she would but give him a chance the bat could prove to her entire satisfaction that he is an intelligent and amiable creature and not unworthy of a permanent place in the household. Yes, the detested bat makes a most agreeable household pet.

He is a most affectionate creature and will attach himself to a person as does a kindly and intelligent dog. A college professor says: "When I was a student at the university I had two bats which came and went freely of their own accord. In the evening they were wont to rush through the window into the neighboring garden, hunt insects, and when their hunger was appeased they would return to my room. They slept on a bookshelf, where they suspended themselves from a dictionary. At the present time I possess a bat that shows a touching attachment to my person and follows me about through the rooms of my house, if I call it."

This last statement seems to be unquestionable testimony in favor of the theory that the ear of the bat is not only susceptible to high and shrill sounds, but also for the lower sounds of the human voice. Recognizing that it is called, the creature evidently is able to distinguish different shades and accents.

This advocate of bats as pets further states that when he talks pleasantly to it his present favorite raises and lowers its ears, much after the manner of a horse, blinks its eyes in a contented fashion, licks its nozzle with its tongue, and, in general, disports itself in a manner that indicates it is pleased and contented. When harshly spoken to, it lays back its ears, shrinks away, and seeks to escape by climbing up the curtain.

The proprietor of this bat adds: "When I sit by lamplight in the morning working at my desk, I can hardly get rid of it. It comes and goes, rambling about the desk or climbing up my legs or else it sits on the curtain and endeavors by violent shakings of the head and shrill twittering to excite my attention and to obtain worms—its usual food—thereby. Its appetite is something uncanny. Thirty fat worms are readily taken at one meal."—Technical World.

French Sandwiches.

If one is tired of the ordinary sandwich for an afternoon tea or card party, the following one may be a refreshing change:

Chop one cupful of white meat of chicken, three olives, one gherkin, and a tablespoonful of capers.

To this add a half a pint of mayonnaise dressing, which should be made quite thin, with a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar.

This is enough to make a pile of sandwiches. It should be spread on thin slices of sandwich bread, with the crust cut off.

WEATHER PROPHETS OF YE OLDEN DAYS

BEFORE beneficent governments learned that it was the province of the state to foretell the weather there were "weather observers" who, if not furnished with all the conveniences and knowledge which science has placed at the disposal of men, were yet wonderfully acute in foretelling the weather. The success of these early prognosticators was due to close observation, just as is the greater success obtained by the weather forecasters of the present day. There is this difference, however, between the old and the new prophets. Those of today deal with such intangible things as high and low areas of barometric pressure and like ethereal things which the ancients knew not of. The old weather wisemen found a sign in almost every phase and condition of life and nature. The moon, the sun, the stars, trees, plants, animals, rocks—each spoke to the people of yesterday of the condition. The first weather forecasts were made so many ages ago that they are lost in dim antiquity.

BY Aristotle's time it had come to be believed that meteors had their effect upon the weather, and he records some of the popular prognostics regarding them. Coming down to the time of Dean Swift, the English poet, we have homelier bits of weather wisdom set forth in the following lines:

"Careful observers may foretell the hour,

By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower.

While rain depends the pensive cat gives o'er

Her frolics and pursues her tail no more.

Returning home at night you'll find the sink

Strike your offended nose with double stink

If you be wise, then go not far to dine.

For you'll spend in coach hire more than you save in wine.

A coming shower your shooting corns presage,

Old aches will throb your hollow tooth with rage."

The proverb which Swift thus put into rhyme were not the result of his own observations. They were a part of the weather wisdom slowly evolved through centuries of unscientific effort to look into the future. These truths—for that many of them are truths—are acknowledged by modern weather observers—have been, in thousands of instances, put into proverbs, and in that form have come down to us.

WINTER being a season which often brought great hardships, if by chance it proved of unusual length or severity, it was but natural that signs were sought by which a hint might be conveyed regarding this period of the year. Some of the sayings resulting from these observations are given here:

"A double husk on corn indicates a hard winter."

"If the fall apples are one-sided, with thick, rough skins, a severe winter may be expected."

"Grasses of all kinds are loaded with seeds before a severe winter."

"Nuts with a thick covering denote a hard winter."

"Onion skins very thin

Mild winter coming in;

Onion skins thick and tough

Coming winter cold and rough."

"Many meteors presage much snow next winter."

The Apache Indians have a proverb which runs:

"If the snow that falls during the winter is dry and blown about by the wind a dry summer will follow; very damp snow indicates snow in the spring."

"The number of days the last snow remains on the ground indicates the number of snow storms which will occur the following winter."

"When snow falls in the mud it remains all winter."

"If there is no snow before January there will be the more snow in March and April."

"If the snowflakes increase in size a thaw will follow."

—

AMONG the proverbs touching November are the following:

"If there be ice in November that will bear a duck

There will be nothing after but sleet and muck."

"As November, so the following March."

"Thunder in November indicates a fertile year to come."

December and Christmas have been made the basis of scores of weather proverbs. From among the number are chosen the following:

"If Christmas finds a bridge he'll break it; if he finds none he'll make one."

"If windy on Christmas Day trees will bring much fruit."

"A green Christmas makes a full graveyard."

"If the sun shines through the apple trees on Christmas Day there will be an abundant crop the following year."

"If ice will bear a man Christmas it will not bear a mouse afterwards."

"If Christmas Day on Thursday be A windy winter you shall see.
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempest strong and thick.
The summer shall be good and dry;
Corn and beast shall multiply."
Christmas falls upon Thursday this year.

AMONG the general weather sayings are these:

"The first Thursday in March, the first Thursday in June, the first Thursday in September and the first Thursday in December are the governing days for each season. Whatever the point of the compass the wind is in on those days, that will be the prevailing direction of the wind for that season."

"On Candlemas day (February 2) the bear, badger or woodchuck comes out to see his shadow at noon; if he does not see it he remains out; but if he does see it he goes back to his hole for six weeks, and cold weather continues six weeks longer."

"Dreams of a hurrying and frightful nature and imperfect sleep are frequent indications that the weather has changed or is about to change. Many persons experience these nocturnal symptoms on a change of wind, particularly when it becomes east. In all these cases the effect seems to be produced immediately on the nervous system and through it on the stomach, so that the stomach shall again react on the sensorium. The symptoms are enhanced by a full stomach and other sources of indigestion."

MINISTER TESTS

CHURCH WELCOME

ANOTHER experiment in church visitation to test the quality of the welcome meted out to shabbiness has been tried. In this case it is a man, a clergyman in disguise; and his experiences, though confined to Chicago, are wholly at variance to those undergone by Miss Laura A. Smith, whose career in a similar capacity East and West were freely exploited last year. The Rev. John Thompson, of Chicago, says the Michigan Christian Advocate (Detroit), utilized his summer vacation in making practical tests in order to determine for himself whether a man in ordinary dress would be welcomed in a fashionable church and made to feel at home there. His adventure is thus set forth:

"He put on an old threadbare coat, trousers bagged at the knees and fringed at the bottom, a dark-colored shirt, a stained celluloid collar, a faded pink tie, a black slouch hat, a pair of old shoes, and in this disguise he visited several wealthy churches, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, and Methodist."

"Nowhere was he recognized as to his identity, but everywhere was he heartily welcomed, comfortably seated, given hymn-books, and otherwise cordially treated. In one church he was seated well at the front, and was warmly invited to come again. In one crowded congregation, all seats being taken, a well-dressed man arose, approached the (to him) stranger and invited him to enter the family pew. He did so, and the courteous pew-holder then found an extra chair, placed it against the radiator and occupied it during the service. In all services he found people who interested themselves in him, and in summing up his experience, writing to a local city paper, he says:

"Now, after all this 'melancholy whine,' about shabby strangers being snubbed at church, we have the truth of conditions in the wealthy churches of Chicago."

"I am satisfied that the wealthiest and most fashionable churches are exerting every effort to make any stranger feel perfectly at home. I saw so many instances of this that I am convinced that all the churches I visited are thoroughly democratic and sincere in their purpose."

"Any intelligent person who doubts that Mr. Thompson's experience would be representative in any other case, might try the matter for himself."—The Literary Digest.

THE SERVANT QUESTION

Mrs. Gramercy—What do we need for dinner?

Bridget—Shure, mum. Oi tripped over the rug an' we need a new set of dishes.—Puck.

Mistress—Did the mustard plaster do you any good, Bridget?

Maid—Yes; but, begorry, mum, ut do bite the tongue.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Gracious, Nora," called the housewife, impatiently. "Isn't dinner nearly ready?"

"No mum," responded Nora, through the speaking tube, "it won't be ready for two hours yet."

"Two hours? Why, what in the world is the cause of the delay?"

"Why, mum, you said you wanted a split pea soup, an' faith it has taken me two hours and twenty minutes to split 300 peas, an' there are 479 to be split yet. Oi counted them meself."—Home Herald.

Caller—Is the lady of the house in?

Waitress (who has been given notice)—She's in, but she's no lady!—Life.

KIPLING TO PHYSICIANS

AT last we have something besides scrappy press dispatches of what Mr. Kipling said in his recent notable address to the doctors of the Middlesex Hospital in London. His remarks in full, delivered without notes, as reported in the London Mail, are as follows:

"It may not have escaped your professional observation," he said, "that there are only two classes of mankind in the world—doctors and patients. I have had a delicacy in confessing to the patient class ever since a doctor told me that all patients were phenomenal liars where their symptoms are concerned. But, speaking as a patient, I should say that the average patient looks upon the average doctor very much as a non-combatant looks on the troops fighting on his behalf, and thinks that the more trained men that are between him and the enemy the better."

"I have had the pleasure of meeting a number of trained men who, in due time, will be drafted into that permanent army which is always in action, always under fire, fighting against Death. It is unfortunate for the doctor that Death—the senior practitioner—is bound to win in the long run. We patients must console ourselves with the idea that your business is to make the best terms you can with Death on our behalf, to see that his attacks are delayed as long as he may be, or diverted, and to see that, when he insists upon driving the attack home, that he does so according to the rules of civilized warfare."

"Every sane human being agrees that this long-drawn fight for time that we call life is one of the most important things in the world. It follows, therefore, that you, who control and oversee this fighting, must be among the most important people."

"The world decided long ago that doctors have no working hours that anybody is bound to respect. Nothing except your extreme bodily illness will excuse you, in the world's eyes, for refusing to help mankind at any hour of the day or night. In your bed, bath, or on your holiday—if any of the children of men have pain or hurt—you will be summoned; and what little vitality you have accumulated in leisure hours will be dragged out of you again. At all times—in flood, fire, famine, plague, battle, murder, and sudden death—it will be required of you that you should report for duty at once, to go out on duty at once, and to stay on duty till your strength fails you or your conscience releases you—whichever may be the longer period."

"And I do not think your obligations will grow less. Nobody has heard of a bill to promote an eight-hour day for doctors. No change in public opinion will allow you not to attend a patient when you know the man never means to pay you, or protect you from the people who, although perfectly well able to pay, prefer to cadge round a free hospital for their glass eyes or cork legs. It seems to be required of you that you must save others; no one has laid down that you need to save yourselves."

"You belong to a privileged class, and some of your privileges are these:—
"You and kings are about the only people whose explanation a policeman will accept if you exceed the legal limit in a motor car."

"On presentation your visiting card will pass you through turbulent and riotous crowds unmolested."

"If you fly a yellow flag over a dense center of population it will turn it into a desert."

"If you fly a Red Cross flag over a desert it will turn it into a center of population. Men will crawl to it on their hands and knees, as I know."

"You may forbid a ship to enter a port, and if you think the exigencies of an operation demand it you can stop a 20,000-ton liner, with her mails, in mid-ocean."

"At your orders houses, streets, whole quarters of a city will be pulled down or burned."

"And you can call upon the armed co-operation of the nearest troops to see that your prescriptions are efficiently carried out."

"Such people have been against you from the beginning—ever since the earliest Egyptians erected images of cats and oxen upon the banks of the Nile. But your work goes on, and will go on. You remain the only class that dares tell the world that we can get no more out of a machine than is put into it, and that, if fathers have eaten forbidden fruit, the children's teeth are very likely to be affected."

"At a time when few things are called by their right names, when it is against the spirit of the time to hint that an act may entail consequences, you are going to join a profession in which you will be paid to tell the truth, a profession which exacts from its followers the largest responsibility and the highest death-rate—for its practitioners—of any profession in the world."

"I will wish you in the future what all men desire: enough work to do, and strength enough to do that work."

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